

CONVICT THREATENS JUDGE ON BEACH WITH REVENGE OF MAFIA

"He Gave Me Ten Years; Take Care of Him," Riccobono Cries to Countrymen in Presence of Rosalsky.

In anger and resentment at being sentenced to the limit of the term provided for his offense, although he had entered a plea of guilty, Cosimo Riccobono threatened Judge Rosalsky with the revenge of the Mafia in the Court of General Sessions to-day and shouted to a group of his countrymen instructions to "take care" of the Court.

This was one of many threats that have been directed at Judge Rosalsky since he went on the bench.

Riccobono was one of the three men who, on May 25, held up Samuel Edelman, a messenger for the Jefferson Bank, at First avenue and First street, and attempted to steal from him a satchel containing \$10,000. By arrangement between Riccobono's attorney and the District Attorney's office a plea of guilty to attempted robbery in the first degree was tendered on Friday and accepted by Judge Rosalsky.

Not Disposed to Mercy. The limit of the term of imprisonment provided for attempted robbery in the first degree is ten years in prison. Riccobono and his counsel figured that in consideration of a plea of guilty the sentence would be softened, although no agreement to that effect had been made—nor could one have been made, as a matter of fact.

Judge Rosalsky is not disposed to be merciful to hold-up men who would commit murder if the occasion arose. When Riccobono was arraigned for sentence to-day the Judge said:

"The good of the community demands that this man be kept in prison as long as possible, not only for the purpose of keeping him behind steel bars and stone walls, but because his sentence may prove a lesson to others. Fortunately the indeterminate sentence law gives me the opportunity to sequester him in Sing Sing for almost the full term provided by law.

"If I should sentence him to ten years—the limit—he would receive an allowance of good behavior and would be released in something more than six years.

Makes It the Limit. "Therefore, I shall impose an indeterminate sentence, providing that he shall serve at hard labor in Sing Sing prison a term of not less than nine years and three months and not more than ten years at the discretion of the proper authorities."

Riccobono's severity skin turned yellow, he realized that his plea of guilty had been in vain in the way of earning mercy. As he was leaving the courtroom in charge of two officers he turned and shouted in Italian, "The Mafia will get you for this." Turning to a gathering of his friends near the door he cried: "He gave me ten years. Take care of him."

By the time the remarks of Riccobono had been translated to the Court the group of Italians at the door had disappeared. Judge Rosalsky does not fear that Riccobono's friends will make any attempt to carry out his instructions.

POLICEMEN SAVE THREE IN FIRETRAP

Aged Woman, Unconscious
Girl and Man Rescued
by Heroes.

A very smoky fire in the cellar of the double three-story tenement at No. 94 De Kalb avenue, Williamsburg, to-day placed all the tenants in danger and gave a couple of policemen some earnest work in the rescue line. The building is occupied by stores on the ground floor and shelters six families above.

All the tenants were asleep when the fire started but John Hughes who lived with his wife and three children on the second floor. He smelled smoke and heard the crackling of flames. He found the alarm clock acting as a flue and drawing smoke and fire from the cellar.

Shouting an alarm to the other tenants, Hughes set about getting his family out. He carried two of his children downstairs, supporting them. His wife and his ten-year-old daughter, Jennie, would follow. Mrs. Hughes did follow, but Jennie, overcome by smoke, remained behind.

In the excitement there were several minutes before Hughes discovered that his daughter was missing. By that time Policemen English and Steers had arrived. They rushed up to the Hughes flat and groped about until they came upon the unconscious girl. She was revived with difficulty.

Patrick Martin was carrying his aged mother from their flat on the third floor when both were overcome on the first floor landing. English and Steers stumbled over the pair and carried them into the air, where they were attended by a neighboring physician.

The firemen kept the flame confined to the cellar and the property damage was small.

Judge Who Was Threatened in Court With the Vengeance of the Mafia



Judge Rosalsky

BABY FATALLY SCALDED WITH BOILING MILK

Playmate Overturns Caidron on Head of Two-Year-Old Girl.

Two little girls were playing in the kitchen on the fourth floor of the tenement, No. 241 Eldridge street, to-day, while the mother of one of them, Mrs. Rebecca Betterman, was preparing luncheon. She was kneading dough at a table and on the gas range was a large cauldron containing more than a gallon of boiling milk.

Sadie Betterman is two years old and her playmate was Gussie Beckerman, who is eight. Gussie's parents also have a flat on the same floor of the tenement. Mrs. Betterman had warned the children not to go too near the stove and had turned her back upon them while kneading the dough. Suddenly she was horrified at hearing both of them scream.

Gussie had taken hold of the long handle of the cauldron containing the boiling milk and had overturned it. Nearly all of the scalding liquid was emptied over the head of the two-year-old girl and some of it fell upon the elder child's arms and bare feet.

The mother screamed and gathering up her little daughter, rushed out into the hall and down the stairs. She was so dazed with fear and grief that she did not know what she was doing, but other tenants stopped her and Dr. Daniels was called from Gouverneur hospital.

The child was taken there immediately, but the physician said it was doubtful if she will live until night. Gussie Beckerman is not seriously scalded.

DELIRIOUS, SHE WALKED STREET

"I'm Tired, Hold Me," Said Mrs. Beeson to Policeman Who Halted Her.

Mrs. Gladys Beeson, of No. 1952 Madison avenue, is under close guard in Presbyterian Hospital to-day, having been found at Madison avenue and Seventy-fourth street at 1 o'clock this morning, attired in a long black coat over her nightdress and apparently delirious.

Policeman Daniels' attention was attracted to the woman as she glided swiftly through the streets and he followed her.

"Where are you going?" the policeman asked. "I'm tired; please hold me," replied the woman.

Daniels took the woman to the hospital. He thought at first she was a sleep-walker, but the doctors found she had a high fever and was semi-delirious. In a lucid moment she gave her name and address, and when Mr. Beeson arrived he was greatly astonished, as his wife had retired last night in apparently good health.

BABY ARCHITECT FALLS TO DEATH.

In trying to catch a block with which he was building a toy house on the fire-escape at the fourth story of his home this afternoon, Jacob Gumbert, three and a half years old, plunged four stories to the pavement below and was killed instantly.

Mrs. James Duffy, who lives on the second floor, saw the child's body shoot past the window.

RABIES VICTIM DIES DAY AFTER HEARING FATE

'Too Late,' Said Pasteur Doctors When ex-Police Lieut. Phillips Called.

BITTEN BY PET DOG.

Goes From Institute to Presbyterian Hospital, Knowing He Was Doomed to Die.

A case, parallel in hopelessness and horrible detail to that of William Marsh, who was sent to his home by the doctors at the Pasteur Institute to die of rabies, is that of James E. Phillips, a former police lieutenant, who died in agony at 3:40 o'clock to-day in the Presbyterian Hospital.

Phillips' elder son is John Elwood Phillips, a patrolman attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station.

Told Him He Was Too Late.

"They told my father at the Pasteur Institute that he was in the second stage of hydrophobia," he said to a Evening World reporter to-day, "and when he asked what that was they answered that it meant he was too far gone for the Pasteur treatment to do him any good, and that he must go to a general hospital."

"Of course he knew that there was small chance of relief at a general hospital, if the Pasteur people couldn't help him, and I am certain that he realized he had only a short time to live, although he didn't say much, and was brave until the disease gained mastery over him. They told me privately that father couldn't live many hours."

Although the rabies symptoms began to show on Phillips a few days ago, neither he nor any member of his family suspected that he was afflicted with the disease until yesterday.

About three days ago he noticed that he had difficulty in swallowing water, which is said by physicians to be an infallible sign of the approach of hydrophobia. Phillips didn't think it was serious, however, until yesterday morning.

Bitten Nine Months Ago.

The son remembered that nine months ago the elder man had been bitten by a bridge bull puppy which a neighbor had given him. The dog was not vicious or mad, but jumped into Phillips' face in play and his sharp teeth broke the skin of the man's cheek. Phillips cauterized the wound himself and thought no more about it, although he since gave the dog back to the man who gave it to him.

After leaving the Pasteur Institute, John E. Phillips hurried his father in the automobile to the Presbyterian Hospital.

Everything was done for his comfort, but in a few hours he was seized with convulsions and became violent and delirious, so that it was necessary for attendants to hold him in the bed. His son remained with him until the end.

Phillips lived at No. 132 East One Hundred and Twenty-first street, and after he was reduced a few months ago for an infraction of rules during a raid he resided from the force. Later he had been interested in a private detective agency at No. 15 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

BUGHER IN AUTO SMASH.

The nice red car in which Deputy Police Commissioner Bugher and his glided badge take in fines and other events had the right hind wheel side-swung from the axle this morning at Seventh avenue and Forty-ninth street by a south-bound car.

According to Policeman Goss, who made a report of the smash-up, it was the fault of William Clark, the Bugher chauffeur. He was bowling down on the wrong side of the avenue when he attempted to pass a car.

A FOOD DRINK Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes: "Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of the enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a stimulant like coffee."

"I began to use Postum 8 years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long, weary periods to be dreaded and unlifting me for business during the day."

"On advice of a friend I first tried Postum, making it carefully, as suggested on the package. As I had always used cream and no sugar, I mixed my Postum so. I looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look—like a new saddle."

"Then I tasted it critically, and I was pleased, yes, satisfied with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years."

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like Postum in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep and am no longer nervous."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BRIDE WAS KISSED TOO OFTEN FOR PAUL

Objected With a Beer Glass and Started His Honey-moon in Jail.

Paul Barokus' honeymoon has been a hurdle event thus far. It began yesterday evening, and since that time the happy bridegroom has experienced a riot, an arrest, a night in a police station, a discharge in a police court, the loss of all his wedding presents and the temporary loss of his bride.

Paul was married at 7 o'clock yesterday evening to Bertha Sarkowicz in a flat he had furnished at No. 33 North Seventh street, Williamsburg. Paul has many friends, who attended the wedding, bringing gifts, most of them of china and glass.

Following the wedding there was a feast. Two kegs of beer surmounted by cakes of ice were on tap in the kitchen. All the male guests kissed the bride at frequent intervals. This feature of the celebration finally became irksome to Paul. He ventured to suggest that inasmuch as his friends had kissed the bride about seventeen times around, it was time to call a halt. The protest of the guests was unanimous.

Paul passed a beer glass across the room and one of the guests caught it on the forehead. In a minute the flat was full of flying wedding presents and the crash of breaking china and glass and the shouts of the wedding party around the neighborhood. Policeman Whiteman rushed into the fray. Barokus and six of the guests jumped from a window and were pinned in a yard where they were arrested.

After an anxious night in a cell Barokus and his friends were discharged to-day. The bridegroom hurried to his late flat to find it deserted and the floor knee deep in shattered wedding presents. Half and hour of searching the neighborhood brought to light his wife, who had fled to the home of friends.

GAS EXPLOSION BURNS TWO.

Members of Tilden Club Look for Leak with Lighted Match.

Thomas Kahill, of No. 38 Division avenue, and William Devins, of No. 52 Wythe avenue, Williamsburg, were badly burned in a gas explosion in the Tilden clubhouse, at No. 672 Wythe avenue, at 1 A. M. to-day.

The two men and a number of other members were down stairs when Kahill and Devins went to a small room on the second floor. They lighted a match, and instantly there was an explosion that shook the building, caused by a leak in a gas pipe.

JEROME RAIDER HERE, WORRIED BY REMOVAL STORY

County Detective Reardon Hurries Back From His Vacation at Seashore.

County Detective Edward J. Reardon, who, as chief sleuth for District Attorney Jerome, made himself famous in the days of Jerome's official activity, reached the Criminal Courts Building this afternoon in a highly excited state. He was at Long Branch spending his vacation when he read in a morning paper that Mr. Jerome had used these words:

"Tell Reardon to send in his resignation by Aug. 1. I'm through with him."

Reardon caught the first train for the city. He went direct to the District Attorney's office. He was told that Mr. Jerome had not reached town, and he sat down in an ante-room to wait for him. The spectacular and dashing raider of former days looked troubled.

"I didn't even have a suspicion that the chief was dissatisfied with me until I saw the piece in to-day's World," he said. "And now I'm here to see if it's true. I've got nothing in my record to be ashamed of. In fact, I'm proud of it. If it is true that they've got my scalp I can only say that the Headquarters bunch have put through a conspiracy against me. I never had any intimation that Mr. Jerome wanted me to get out."

WOMAN "DENTIST" HELD.

Mrs. James Markowitz, who is said to be the first woman to be arrested in New York on a charge of practicing dentistry without a license, was a prisoner in the Harlem Police Court to-day.

Bell Conroy, an inspector of the State Medical Society, said his attention had been directed to the case by Henriette Friedman, of No. 174 East One Hundred and Fifth street, who told him that on July 15 last she had called to see a doctor Levy, with offices in the same apartment as Mrs. Markowitz, at No. 180 Lexington street.

Mrs. Markowitz told the inspector, operated on her teeth and asked her to call again. Markowitz House held the woman, who carried a five-month-old child in her arms, in bonds of \$500 for a hearing Friday.

NURSE TELLS OF BABY'S SUFFERING

Raw with Eczema from Birth—Fearful Itching Lasted for Months—Treatment Futile—Walked the Floor with Him Night and Day—Wasted Away and Got Little Rest.

PERMANENTLY CURED BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"The first time I went out as a nurse was when a baby boy was born. He was perfectly raw all over with humor. The doctor gave up some ointment to use, but he got no better. The baby seemed to be suffering terribly, and at times I had to walk the floor with him night and day, sending for my husband to carry him when I could not. His poor little head became covered with crusts and the doctor decided it was eczema. The fearful itching went on for months, and the little fellow was wasted to a skeleton and could get almost no rest. At last I decided to try the Cuticura Remedies, bathing him with Cuticura Soap, using just as little water as possible. Now, fifteen years after, his poor little head became covered with crusts and the doctor decided it was eczema. The fearful itching went on for months, and the little fellow was wasted to a skeleton and could get almost no rest. 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